A crimson mug

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by FhimeChan

Summary

How could a ghost and a human live together?

Notes

Hannibal is a ghost. I don't think it counts as MCD, but be warned.

This story probably doesn't make much sense without the previous two parts, which are respectively The Past and The Present. This is The Future. The idea has been with me for a very long time and is dear to me, even if the execution may be lacking :)

Also, unbeated!

See the end of the work for more notes

Winter blooms into spring, spring heats up into summer, summer relaxes into fall, and fall fades into winter. Again. And again and again.

“You must let me go.”

The ground under the oak tree is covered in white blossoms. There will be so many strawberries in summer, like the first time they had met. Since then, Hannibal’s voice has become warmer and richer, the voice of a man.

Will looks at him. At last, their eyes are at the same level. Even if Hannibal seems to always be few years older than Will, always one step out of reach.

“Why.”

Hannibal takes Will’s hand, as he always does. It is still warm, still bony. Will knows how it has grown and how it fits into his own hand.

“You’re covered in small cuts and bruises. You talk to yourself. You show no interest in anyone.”

Will squeezes the hand until the bone gives, just a little. “My grades are good. My father isn’t complaining.”

Hannibal’s eyes glint with anger. “Because he doesn’t care about you. The teachers are already concerned, they want to contact the police.” He returns the squeeze, as a sudden blow of wind detaches few green leaves from the oak. “One day, one of them will catch you while you cut yourself. They’ll bring you to a psychologist. You’ll say something about me, so they’ll institutionalize you. You won’t be able to give me your blood, and I’ll disappear.”

Will raises an eyebrow. “I’d better not be caught.”

Summer shines on the circus, infusing a sparkle of life in old gaudy tents and deceitfully cheerful fanfares. Will loves to spend the afternoons in the clearing between the tents and his house, on the river shore.

“You’ll forget me eventually.”

Will splashes few droplets in Hannibal’s general direction from his fishing spot in the middle of the river. Hannibal never comes close to the water, too much mud.

“Where did your god complex go?”

Hannibal grimaces when the spray reaches him, even if it simply goes through his body. His expression changes into something sadder. “Next month, you’ll move out to begin your scholarship. It’ll start with a small oversight: one evening, you’ll go out for a drink and forget I’m waiting for you at home. You’ll meet a beautiful, kind woman, who will look closely at your wrists and ask you some uncomfortable questions.” Hannibal’s impeccable posture

drops. “You’ll date. She’ll ask you not to ruin your wrists anymore. You’ll get engaged and marry, while I, without your care, will go back to the Earth.”

Will shrugs. “You’ll have to kiss me before she does. Or kill her.” He winks. “You know which one I’d prefer.”

During the winter break Will’s flatmates leave and they are alone and free to talk. Will is melting some chocolate with flour for a rare Christmas threat.

Hannibal stands right beside him. “You know what it’ll take to bring me back permanently.”

Will barely raises his eyes., careful not to burn the mixture. “I need to kill someone. Or myself.”

Hannibal touches Will’s throat, squeezing lightly, then increasing the pressure as Will remains unconcerned. “You know I want you to. I can whisper to you, day and night, worming my way into my thoughts, until you’ll be convinced it’s your idea.” There is a touch of coldness in his tone, as he continues to dig his bony fingers into Will’s skin. “You’ll meet someone despicable, decide that the world will be better without that person, and you’ll kill them.” He gives one more vicious squeeze. “I’ll be back and alive, free to walk away, while you’ll die in prison.”

WIll takes the pan away from the fire, then steps backwards into Hannibal’s embrace and waits until Hannibal lets go of his neck. He turns with a smile, massaging the marks of Hannibal’s hands. “All those years, and you still think I’ll get caught. I should be offended.”

Hannibal shifts his body away, but the movement makes Will stumble and in a fraction of second Hannibal is back to sustain him. Will snorts and looks at him with a knowing look.

Hannibal sighs, looking away. “Will…”

Will’s smile fades. He catches Hannibal’s hand, staring at him in silence until Hannibal looks back.

“You know, I’m telling you what will happen. Next month I’ll start my traineeship in the police, and I’ll volunteer for all the most dangerous tasks.” He shushes Hannibal with a finger over his mouth. “Not, as you are about to suggest, in a misguided attempt to take my own life, but simply because you’ll never let anyone hurt me. No, listen. While most of my colleagues will probably assume I’m crazy, I’ll always be able to tell what is right and what is wrong.” Will moves his hand to Hannibal’s cheek. “After years of stopping you from going on a killing spree, I know exactly where my morals lie..”

Hannibal stares. Will smiles and goes back to the chocolate, pouring it in two mugs. “Do you want to hear the rest?” He takes a knife out of a drawer. “I’ll make sure my house will be soundproof, because even if you’ll follow me around every day, every hour, I won’t be able to talk with you, not with other people around. And I want to. So at home we’ll chat like any normal family. I’ll cook with you, and I’ll be happy. I bet you’ll be too. Spectacularly happy.”

Will cuts his thumb with a practiced motion. Few drops fall into one of the mugs.

Hannibal's voice is shaky. "You'll get bored."

Will offers him the bloodied mug. "And one day, as you said, I may stumble into a killer, someone really despicable, and if he tries to kill me… well, self defense is accepted by the law." Will smiles. "You'll have your life."

Hannibal's hands tremble lightly as he takes the chocolate. "You can't be sure of that." "Even If I won't kill anyone, I still get to live forever with you… and after that, I can't believe you won't find me again in death. Either way, I win."

Hannibal opens his mouth.

"No, Hannibal. Stop. I choose not to let go of you. This is my life, and it'll stay like this. I refuse to transform it into a bloodbath to assuage your fear of rejection." Hannibal blinks. "Shut up and drink your chocolate, it's cold outside."

Hannibal drinks.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! ♥

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